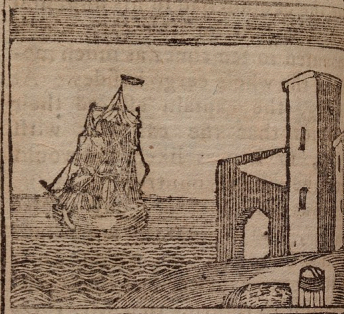


never unseasonably. I have brought you good news of your ship Unicorn. The merchant, on hearing



that, bustled so hastily, that his gout was entirely forgot, and immediately admitted the captain and factor. They presented him with the bill of lading, and the casket of rich jewels, which his cargo had fetched. Mr. Fitzwarren then lifted up his eyes to heaven, and thanked God for so prosperous a voyage. Then

they shewed him the caskets of diamonds and rubies, which they received in exchange for Dick Whittington's cat, which surprised him beyond description; and with the utmost eagerness he cried out,

Go call poor Dick, and tell him of his fame;
Now Mr. Whittington shall be his name.

Though it might be difficult to prove Mr. Fitzwarren a good poet, we think it in our power to convince the reader he was a good man; for when he was told the treasure was too much for such a lad as Dick, he angrily replied, "God forbid that I should deprive him of a single penny of it; it is all his own, and he shall have it to a farthing;" and ordered Mr. Whittington to be called into the parlour. Dick, who was cleaning the kitchen, endeavoured

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